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Some Seed Sown Grows



THAT great army of American citizenship which has been struggling for years to bring about relieved conditions to the masses who must pay the toll of all abuses by public servants as well as by the quasi-public corporations that have suddenly sprung into such dominant positions, would well not lose heart. They may go down in defeat now and then in localities, may lose the men whom they support because they pledge to equal justice to all men under their reign in public place, but it is not well to be weary in well doing. Every defeat should merely inspire the genuine advocate of needed changes to buckle on his armor anew and go forth to battle again for the same righteous cause.

Look back over the field that has been covered by honest, determined advocates of reforms in our much abused public service, and there will be found ample examples to inspire every true worker to not give up the fight.

For fifteen years before he gained anything like public recognition from his state or city, Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, was standing out like a beacon light on a wind swept coast for the curtailment of the ravages of the corporation abuses in his home town and state. Every time he would stand up to protest the corporation tools would swat him, and by the use of money in politics, and every other device that could be brought to bear, the men Mr. Johnson put forward for public place were defeated. The very men who were suffering most, regularly marched to the polls and voted for the tools the corporations put forward against the champions of reform in municipal affairs. It was indeed a lamentable spectacle, a discouraging fight for Mr. Johnson and his followers, but they neither lost heart nor faltered. Year after year they would come forward, each time a little stronger, each year a mite more formidable in their organization. Finally, when it looked darkest, the people of Cleveland were awakened to a realization of their conditions, and Mr. Johnson himself was chosen to the highest office in the city the people could bestow upon him, and with him were also chosen a sufficient number of councilmen to dominate the legislation he had been demanding. Then began the most stubbornly fought contest that has ever been witnessed in this country. The corporations who had owned the city on the lake so many years, and grown so rich, had not forgotten to also own the courts, and in his determination to right a few of the most glaring wrongs, Mr. Johnson found himself resisted at every step. But, the people had joined with him, had confidence in his integrity, and by waging the war to the fullest, a grand victory was finally won for the masses, and that victory will not soon be overturned.

Joseph Folk, of Missouri, was compelled, after he had been elected prosecuting attorney in St. Louis, to send a dozen or more of the most influential citizens of the city to the penitentiary before he could make the public believe that he was sincere. It was this determined fight which singled him out to the good people of the entire state as a trustworthy champion, and he was made Governor in a campaign wherein he was opposed by every defender of crime and corruption in all political organizations of the state. The good work he has performed, however, stands now, and will for all time to come, as a shining halo that will grow brighter with each generation that is to come after him.

Mississippi this year had a brilliant champion of the people offered for high office, but like many of his co-workers in other states, he went up against the real thing in the way of a perfectly organized movement of all the interests which, under the cloak of professed conservatism, were willing, at any cost, to compass his defeat. The platform he offered and the speeches he made, however, will live, and the day will come when Mississippians will have ample cause for regret that this man was not chosen this year. Not only the principles but the man will live, and "conservative" old Mississippi will respond in future when her best interests are at stake.

It takes time and patience to educate the people to act, even for their own interests. This has often been made manifestly clear in every phrase of public service. The observer has only to take up the abuses that he has witnessed year after year, from the smallest municipality to the Federal Government itself, to realize that often the people have not only elected to office men who have wontonly squandered their hard earned money, but oftentimes, after witnessing the act, the same people have come forward, in response to the most flimsy appeals, and re-elected the same men who have robbed and abused them.

Of course, these things cannot last forever. The mas-

ses are rapidly becoming better acquainted with their country, as well as with their own powers, and they are also learning fast, in some sections, at least, that the politician is not always an angle of mercy to any, save himself.

As stated, the seeds that have been planted in Mississippi the past year will bring forth, and by the time another four years roll around, it will hardly be possible for corporations and non-producing combinations of the state to dictate to the producers of wealth who they shall choose to serve them in high place.

A large number of good men have been elected to the legislature this year, many of them for the first time, but they will do some business there, even at their first ses-

Mrs. Ada Thomas, of Christman, Edgar county, Illinois, complainant in a suit for divorce from Calvin Thomas, in the circuit court at Paris, Illinois, last week, declared in an interview that she was tricked into marrying the defendant, who closely resembles his twin brother, Alvin Thomas, and that she did not discover the mistake until after the marriage ceremony. After a courtship lasting about three months Mrs. Thomas says she made an appointment to meet Alvin there and they were to go to Charleston to marry. It developed that Alvin's ardor had cooled and he sent Calvin to meet his fiancée at the train. Mrs. Thomas states that she had not the slightest suspicion of the deception, and that when Calvin expressed a willingness to go to Charleston that night, she consented. Mrs. Thomas discovered that she had been duped when she happened to see the twins together, upon her return the next day. After two years of unhappy married life with the wrong twin she sued for her freedom.

The discovery that Ferdinand Pinney Earle parts his hair in the middle has nothing really to do with how he parts his morals or with his affinities. It may be even a point in his favor in Japan or China, where they know how to appreciate the artistic temperament when it begins to variegate its affinities prior to a brainstorm.

His Mother.

A sodden image of a man,
He lurches slowly down the street,
Unconscious of the scornful scowl,
Of all of those that he may meet—
A wreck, an outcast, hopeless, lost,
A drifting hulk that seeks no shore,
But, billow-born and tempest-tossed
Will drift and drift for evermore.

And yet somewhere each morn and night
His name is whispered soft and low
In prayers that raise to the light,
That shines with an eternal glow;
His name is whispered as of old,
By one to whom he still is dear—
His mother, with her heart of gold
Breathes forth a prayer God will hear.

Though lost to her through all these years,
He still remains her little boy,
That ran to her with childish fears,
Or brought to her each broken toy;
She has not seen his mottled face,
Nor heard his husky, whining tones—
She breathes his name to that white place
Where angles kneel about the throne.

The mother-heart is deep, so deep
That none of us may know how long,
Not yet how surely it will keep
The love it has all sweet and strong;
Each morn and night she breathes his name,
In blessings we may think unheard—
She does not know the ways of shame
Down which he looks with eyes all blurred.

A sodden image of a man,
A wreck, an outcast—but can we
Sense aught of the eternal plan,
Know aught of this great mystery?
She breathes her prayer night and dawn,
And which among us would destroy
Her fancies of the days ago,
Her blind faith in her "little boy."

sion, along the lines suggested by many who have not been chosen, and it may be that after all the so-called "conservative" elements of the state will have something to do to stay the demands for reform legislation.

This paper will discuss some of the legislation Mississippi ought to have enacted before the next legislature convenes, among which is its banking laws, the mode of assessment, the handling of corporations representing the public service of the state and others.

The people of other states are thinking along these lines, and in some of the states, they are acting. Mississippi is doing a little thinking too, and will act in time, maybe before some who now feel themselves firmly entrenched, are ready for it.

The most amazing and exciting game of tag ever played on Broadway took place on the seventeenth-story cornice of the St. Paul building, New York city, recently. Two office boys ran along the cornice, darting in and out of windows with the agility and apparent ease of monkeys jumping from limb to limb in a forest jungle. Thousands of persons halted on their way, and in a few minutes Broadway was blocked while the game of tag went on. Then some one telephoned to the superintendent of the building, and he put a stop to the frolic.

Nearly all the gentlemen who have been talking for publication lately have displayed remarkable ability in handling the perpendicular pronoun.

RAPID FIRE COURTSHIP.



IN these degenerate days of commercial fever, poor Dan Cupid must "step lively" and "crowd up in front" among the rest of us, and often as a result of the bustle and excitement his little love-tipped arrows go sadly astray. There is grave danger in rapid courtship, for a solemn warning has come from that

fountain of erudition, the University of Chicago, that we are making love too fast. The ardent swain of today is advised to take a long breath between his adored one's front porch and the marriage license office, and told that matrimony is not a matter of days but of months and sometimes of years, so says the Kansas City Journal.

When everything else under the shining sun is whirling around at top speed it is little wonder that the modern men and maidens meet and marry without the long and tedious sentimental formula of other days when lovemaking was a thing of stilted ceremony and the lovers themselves strung out their alternate miseries and exaltations through the charming seasons to end at last in a wild midnight ride by pillion to escape the stony-hearted old codger who made the great hall ring by his lusty calls for horses to follow. Then smiles were wafted from case-ments and formal letters soggy with tears were left under the rock down by the lonely mill. Come to think of it, the old-fashioned courtships were dreadfully slow, but their marriages had one thing to recommend them—they lasted. It took three fat volumes of a novel to lead the trusting maiden and dauntless lover of the long ago through the thickets and over the bunkers that beset true love.

Nowadays the automobile, the private car and the telephone have robbed courtship of much of its most delicious agony, and volcanic ardor is no longer pent up but escapes in little bursts of ten-word messages at 25 cents a burst. There is no melancholy languishing and no pallid days of silence and dread. A man meets a girl, looks into her eyes, hunts up a Bradstreet's, and it is all over. Give a girl and a man a lonely seat amid the shrubbery, moonlight trickling through the leaves, a pianola wailing "Love Me and the World Is Mine" across a small lake, and the next day it's the furniture catalogue and the "for rent" column. No time is wasted. Even the marriage ceremonies today are simple and short. Gone are the glorious hours of preparation, of feasts and the heavenly occupation of trailing smilax around the banisters, of the borrowed tuberoses, the gathering of kin and the wailing mothers. The custom today is to repair quietly to the secluded home of the minister who performs marriage ceremonies with neatness and dispatch while you wait, and there stand for three minutes in front of the center table and mutter yes every time the minister pauses for breath. Yes it's back to the shady glen for Cupid. The pace is too swift.

With the opening of the current week cotton picking becomes general in a majority of the Mississippi counties, and the staple is being gotten in readiness for market. The weather has continued favorable for the maturity and fruition of the crop during the past week, the temperature ranging in the vicinity of normal, with occasional showers in the districts where most needed. The crop of 1907 has been made, so far as Mississippi is concerned. Of course in a few localities, late plantings have just been laid by, but the bulk of the crop is passing through the fruition period, and the only element of danger yet to be encountered is the frost period. Forecasting the first frost of autumn is a more difficult task than picking out a presidential winner, but the careful and conservative crop observers in Mississippi are inclined to the belief that the frost date will not be earlier than usual, and if this should prove the case the crop in this state will be in all respects satisfactory. It is believed that the yield will not be less than 1,500,000, and may go in excess of that figure. The agitation in favor of holding back the crop is apparently meeting with much favor. This plan has the endorsement of the Farmers' union and the Southern Cotton association, and it will be in a large measure followed by these farmers who are in independent financial condition and can afford to wait several weeks before marketing the staple. There is, of course, a class of small farmers, working on rental or shares, who will be forced to market their cotton as soon as it is ginned, in order to meet outstanding obligations, but many of these can, if they care to do so, arrange with their creditors to place cotton on storage to await the minimum price fixed—15 cents per pound. The oil mill season will open in full blast a week or ten days hence. All the plants are getting in readiness for the season's run, and indications are that the new seed crop will open at from \$18 to \$20 per ton, the latter figure being the minimum fixed by the Farmers' union and the Southern Cotton association. All cotton seed products are quoted higher than last season's closing figures, and the mills can afford to pay more than heretofore.

It has cost us \$400,000,000 to acquire and hold the Philippine Islands. We call President Roosevelt's attention to the fact that our Philippine stock appears to be pretty well watered.

A French nature writer insists that fish cannot bear. After this assurance anglers need not hesitate to relieve their feelings in the usual manner when a big one slips off the hook.

Having approved riding astride as the proper method for the New American Woman, President Roosevelt may perhaps succeed in finding something that he has not approved or disapproved.

The cable leaves some doubt whether Mulai Hafid or Caid Raisuli is the actual boss of Morocco, but the Caid seems to have the most extensive experience in collecting voluntary contributions from unaggressive morality.

Every woman who is married thinks she could do better next time.